# ADVICE to the SAYLORS,

In an EPISTLE to

## Honeſt *Ned Whipſtaff.*

*A bold thing reflecting on ye practice now in ye Fleet. 20 Jan. 1703/4*

I Heard, Dear Friend, this Morn by Crony *Tom*,
Thou didſt laſt Night by Coach to *Portſmouth* come;
Having abandon'd an Obſcure Retreat,
To Swim through Blood to Honour in our Fleet:
Bravely Reſolv'd, Bold *Ned*, I joy to hear
You quit Inglorious Eaſe for Active War:
May beſt Succeſs with ſpeed attend your Choice,
And Snarling Envy at thy Riſe Rejoyce;
But Mount thou canſt not, *Ned*, except thou be
Moulded by Practice to our Storms at Sea,
And with a Conſtant and Aſſiduous Care,
Keep ſteady to the Courſe we Moderns Steer;
For we, whom others Harms have Taught ſound Wit,
Can ſhun thoſe Rocks whereon paſt Sailors ſplit:
Thou wilſt forgive me then if here I ſend
Some few Inſtructive Leſſons as thy Friend.

The firſt thing then, Young *Voll*, thou haſt to do,
Take ſpecial Care to bring ſome Caſh with you;
Money's the only Friend you'll find at Sea,
Without her Aid thou'lt live in Miſery;
Eat often Stale Salt Fleſh, more often worſe,
Then Dye Neglected like an Out-worn Horſe:
For all the Kindneſs which at Sea you'll meet,
Is an old Hammock for your Winding-Sheet;
If once you Droop, you may deſpair to Live,
Death ſcarce will grant ye one poor Days Reprieve;
Hurl'd down alow in a cloſe Hole you're laid,
Where even *Rats*, for want of Air, fall Dead:
Gaſping for Life you lye, by all forgot,
Except ſome ſingle Tender-Hearted Sot;
But for your Captain he'll ne're mind your Health,
Becauſe your Thriving adds not to his Wealth;
Oppreſt with Paunch, his Care extends to none,
But ſuch as ſerve his Private Ends alone:
A Skilful Cook ſhall of his Aid partake,
Becauſe his Worſhip's Guts there lies at Stake;
But you, who're no ſuch Greaſy Artiſt Bred,
Muſt to your Truſty Purſe repair for Aid:
Then fail not, *Ned*, this Sterling Rule to mind,
For elſe thou'dſt Ten times better ſtay behind:

Thy next chief Care, my Friend, is to Obey
Each Puny Officer that haunts the Sea;
For theſe are Dub'd with the ſame Aweful Pow'r,
As are Majeſtick Conſtables aſhore:
Therefore what e're they're pleas'd to ſay or do,
You muſt with Chriſtian Patience undergo:
Suppoſe one call thee Raſcal to thy Face,
Return him Thanks with a demure Grimace:
Suppoſe he Cuff, Kick, Drub, or do thee Hurt,
Pray thee ſubmit, he has a Warrant for't.

In the next place, Dear *Ned*, beſure beware
You do not Cenſure ought you ſee or hear;
Suppoſe you find your Officers purſue
Thoſe very Crimes, for which they Puniſh you;
Beſure be Mute, no Tart Reflections make,
But Calmly Connive at all for Conſcience Sake.

Nay, grant you ſee them Daily to commit
Such things as you perhaps would Boggle at;

Oppreſs,

Oppreſs, Cheat, Suttle, Smuggle Wares aſhore,
By Night Defraud their Queen, by Day Perjure;
Yet mind not what the Laws, but they Command;
Blab nought, but kindly ſend your helping Hand.
If you Act thus, you'll be in Time Prefer'd,
And get ſome Under-Poſt for your Reward;
But higher, Friend, thou ne'er muſt hope to come,
Except thou firſt do Learn to Greaſe a Paum:
I know, Dear *Ned*, thou haſt a Stock of Parts,
And art well Vers'd in the moſt uſeful Arts;
I know thee Gen'rous, Temp'rate, Juſt and True,
And all this Crown'd with Freight of Courage too;
Yet if along with theſe thou doſt not bring
A Pouch with Gift to make an Offering:
Tho' you till Dooms-Day in the Fleet ſhould ſtay,
Thou ne'er ſhalt reach to a Lieutenants Pay:
Some pimping Sot for bare Ten Pounds ſhall ſerve
Into the Place that's to thy Merits due:
'Tis true, Commiſſions three Times Ten now Coſt,
Thanks to the Plenty of our *Vigo* Duſt.
But hold! cry you, pray, *Dick* what's this to me?
Let Villains mount by ways of *Infamy*;
But I, who am come of an Old Honeſt Race,
Will ne'er turn Raſcal to obtain a Place:
If I take Arms 'tis for the Common Good;
I ſcorn for meaner Ends to ſpend my Blood.
Poor Country Soul, how ſtrangely doſt thou Err?
Good *Ned*, where waſt thou Taught this End in War?
Pray ther, my Friend, go make ſome *India* Trip,
Hunt a *Utopia* out in *Dampiers* Ship;
Perhaps in ſome ſtrange *Fairy-Land* you'll find,
A Set of Thoughtleſs Mortals to your Mind.
But here, we're all too much improv'd in Senſe
To draw our Swords on ſuch a Vain pretence:
For, *Ned*, the Common Good's a Common Jeſt;
'Tis ſo with all in Publick Poſt at Leaſt:
We Fight not now to make our Country Great,
Nor ſpill our Blood for to Redeem the State,
As the dull Num-ſkul'd Hero's did of Old,
Who were by Damn'd *Platonick* Syſtems Fool'd:
We of this Chriſtian Age are grown more Wiſe,
And all ſuch Vain *Philoſophy* deſpiſe;
We make Our ſelves our End in all we do,
And thence it is we Solid Gold purſue;
Bright Gold, which all that Wiſdom ſeeks procures,
Gay *Cloaths*, Delicious *Food*, and Handſome *Whores*,
Buys *Pendants*, *Flags*, and *Standards* in the Fleet,
And makes us happy in the Mobs Conceit;
Nay, makes us little Gods: Troth, *Ned*, it's true;
For all who adore Gold will adore you.
*Wealth* then, my Friend, muſt be your ſole Deſign,
Or elſe all Claim to *Senſe* you muſt Reſign:
For ſince the *Fleet* thus Act, if you Digreſs,
They'll to all Vindicate themſelves Proclaim thee *Aſs*.
Where's your Redreſs? Thou can'ſt not make them Bleed;
To Fight 'em all's to be an *Aſs* indeed.
Diethrone thy *Conſcience* then when't grows too Nice;
Where all are *Knaves*, there *Honeſty's a Vice*.
In the next place, good *Ned*, ——— but, hold I think
The reſt's too ſage to truſt with *Pen* and *Ink*:
There are a Thouſand *Truths* we dare not Write,
Theſe we'll Chat o're a Sober Glaſs to Night.
I'll meet thee at the *Bull* at Six Preciſe;
So God be with thee, *Ned*, and make thee Wiſe.

Decemb. 30.
1704.

*From on Board Her Majeſties Ship the* Nameleſs, *now Riding at* Spithead.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1704.